

COUNTY OFFICERS	
Sheriff	J. F. Ham
Clerk	O. J. Bell
Tax Collector	Wm. Putnam
Assessor	M. E. Davis
Justices of the Peace	A. H. Swarthout
Judge of Probate	Taylor
C. C. Compt.	M. J. Conine
Surveyor	N. E. Britt
Coroners	W. H. Sherman
Supervisors	W. W. Haynes
Grove Township	Thos. Lounsbury
South Branch	Wm. H. Richardson
Lower Creek	W. Batterson
Maple Forest	J. J. Coventry
Grayling	R. S. Babbit
Fredericville	J. A. Barker
Ball	Chas. Jackson
Custer Plains	G. W. Love

W. M. WOODWORTH,

Physician and Surgeon,
GRAYLING, MICH.

U. S. Examining Surgeon for Passengers.

Graduate of University of Mich. 1853.
Office with J. M. Flinn.
Residence with A. J. Rose.
Office hours 8 to 12 a. m. 6 to 9 p. m.

MAIN J. CONNINE.

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

O. PALMER,

VOL. IV. GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1883.

NO. 50.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR—

REAL ESTATE.

Desirable Houses and Lots in Grayling
for Sale. Also some Good Lands.

INSURANCE.

Both Fire and Life Insurance, \$1 million
Capital represented. The best Life In-
surance at its Lowest Rates. Come and
get my rates.

MAIN J. CONNINE.

ATTY AT LAW, GRAYLING, MICH.

Attorney at Law,

GRAYLING, MICH.

W. A. MASTERS—NOTARY PUBLIC—Co-
vering—Will attend to making Deeds
Contracts, Mortgages, etc., etc.

A. H. SWARTHOUT,

Counselor and Solicitor.

REAL ESTATE AND INS. AGENT.

Special facilities for making col-
lections in any part of the Union.
Conveyancing a Specialty.

GRAYLING, MICH.

N. E. Britt,

COUNTY SURVEYOR

OF CRAWFORD COUNTY

Surveying in all of its branches, in-
cluding leveling, promptly attended to.

GRAYLING, MICH.

Detroit, Mackinac and Marquette

Pioneer East and West Line

Through the Upper Peninsula of
Michigan.240 Miles Shorter and 12 hours quicker
than any other line between Detroit,
southern Michigan, and ad-

Points East and Southeast

and the Iron and Copper
districts.

GOING EAST.

Leave Marquette 9 a. m. 9:00 a. m.
Arr. Milwaukee 10:45 a. m. 10:25 a. m.
Arr. Madison 12:30 p. m. 1:00 p. m.
Arr. Newbern 3:00 p. m. 3:20 p. m.
Arr. St. Ignace 7:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m.

GOING WEST.

Leave St. Ignace 7:30 p. m. 7:30 p. m.
Arr. Newbern 10:30 a. m. 10:20 a. m.
Arr. Madison 11:15 a. m. 11:20 a. m.
Arr. Milwaukee 1:30 p. m. 2:00 p. m.
Arr. Marquette 4:30 p. m. 5:00 p. m.Connections are made at St. Ignace for the
popular steamer City of Cleveland for Detroit
and intermediate points.The Michigan Central Railroad for Detroit and
points in Michigan and the East, South and
Southeast.With the New England Transportation Company
to Canada via Concord, Cudworth, and so on.At Marquette with the Marquette, Houghton &
Ontonagon Railroad for the Iron and Copper
districts, and with steamer for Duluth and the
Native.

Through tickets on sale at Marquette and St.

Ignace, and all points in Northern Peninsula

and Southern Michigan.

Arrive at Duluth 10:30 a. m.

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The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

THE HAPPY MAN.

BY WILLIAM COPPER.

He is the happy man whose life even now Shows a spout-of-that-happy-life-to-come; Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state, Is pleased with it, and were he free to choose, Would make his fate his choice; whom reaps, the fruit.

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith, Prepares for happiness; beyond him one Content indeed to sojourn while he must Below the skies, but having there his home. The world o'erlooks him in her buoyant search Of objects, more illustrious in her view;

And, occupied as curiously as she, Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world. She sees like pleasures, for she knows them not;

He sees not hers, for he has proved them vain. He cannot skim the ground like summer birds. Pursuing gilded flies; and such he dreams! Her honor, her emoluments, her joys.

Therefore in contemplation is his bliss, Whose power is such that whom she lifts from earth She makes familiar with a heaven unseen, And shows him glories yet to be revealed. Not slighted he, though seemingly unheeded, And censured oft as useless. Scalchi screams Off water-fall meadows, and the bird That flutters least is longest on the wing.

HOW FATHER CONQUERED US.

We were a minister's children, Jamie, 12, slight, straight as an arrow, with the peculiar golden light in the gray eyes that between hot temper and brilliant intellect, and masses of fine black hair pushed back from a high, white forehead. Bright, handsome Jamie, how I loved him, with an unquestioning devotion that taught me early to yield my wishes and desires to his imperious will and to shield him in all things, right or wrong, from the severe judgments of our father. I look back now with a feeling of admiration for the honest little Dot, only 7, with her long, tawny braids, and great eager eyes, so true to her boy hero.

Of course the familiar expression that ministers' children are worse than any other had oft been repeated before us, and as people evidently expected us to be little heathens, we tried hard not to disappoint any one. Lessons on the total depravity of ministers' children in general and we two, in particular, were as daily food to us. We knew that we were very bad, but we managed to be quite comfortable for such terrible sinners.

Among father's few worldly goods was a beautiful horse, fleet as the wind and the pride of his heart. Jamie had often taken me with him to the pasture to lead "Flighty" backward and forward. And on rare occasions when we had gained permission to drive short distances for father we had grown bold and lengthened our drivings, always receiving punishment for boldness, but counting it well worth a whipping to hold the reins and feel the air rush against our faces as Flighty sped down the street. One summer morning, the sun out clear as crystal, father spoke of the day as well-fit for shopping in Cleveland, a few miles distant, and as he spoke of that time to mother announced his intention of going by rail. Oh! the winks, and nods, and sly motions that told the story as plainly to me, and how helpful we grew of their comfort, how solicitous. At last, with terrible warning of wrath to be visited upon us if we ventured to disobey any of father's commands, we watched them aboard the train, and saw it sweep down the track with the fluttering pennons of smoke beckoning to us. Racing back through the grassy lanes, tossing books and slates into a fence corner with my pink sunbonnet on top of the pile, Jamie crowned my tawny braids with his sailor hat, calling me a jolly tar, helped me to pack our lunch. Before kind sister H., who would come and get dinner, and mount guard over the parsonage, could reach there, we had packed our basket, harnessed our beautiful Flighty to the carriage and were off for a day in the woods. Oh! the dinner in the Old Maid's Kitchen, a cave to be found on the banks of the Cuyahoga river, famous now as the Switzerland of America. The long drive down the road that stretched away in the distance like a silver wire. The depths of cool living green, that lay like a shadow in a barren land. The moss, the violets, the new sounds we heard, the new visions we saw. The delicious coolness of the spring we discovered. The dreams we dreamed of the future. Oh! that summer day. As it waned we collected our treasures and, unfastening Flighty from the tree where she had been made safe, we led her to the carriage, and depositing our burdens we drove gayly homeward. Runaways we were, but philosophers as well, for we put the fact of our awaiting punishment as far from our thought as possible. We expected to be whipped, but did not intend to suffer the sting twice, once in dreading and talking about it, and again in actual pain. As we sped along through the summer evening, we decided that life was worth the living—the game well worth the candle.

Did we feel a presentiment that our pied enjoyment of this delightful wickedness was soon to end, that we finished our otherwise quiet sort of disobedience by racing through the village streets, huzzaing like young Indians, and passing every team with a challenge to follow? they could? Flighty was thoroughly and perfectly trained. She kept her head beautifully, or my story might have another ending. As we drove up to the gate with a grand flourish, the whistle of the train in the distance warned us that our hour of

reckoning was close at hand. After tea I was invited to the study and questioned as to the day's wickedness. I answered respectfully, and, after being reprimanded, was banished to my room. Soon after I heard father's heavy step in the hall and Jamie's light footfalls following. Leaning far out of my window, I watched them enter the barn. It was a glorious starlit night, and the silvery whiteness of the moonlight wrapped the world in its spell. Once I thought I heard the pleading voice of my brother. I could bear no more, and, slipping out into the hall, stole down stairs and out to the barn. The lantern was hardly needed, for both front and rear doors being open,

the moonlight lay in great bars, white and translucent, giving weird brilliance to the space of floor, and leaving the corners in shadow. Creeping through the rear door I stood motionless, watching with wondering eyes the scene painted on my memory as clearly as if years had not dimmed the fire of those luminous eyes, or bowed with weight of care the proud uplifted head. Father was standing where the light from the lantern, suspended from the beam above, fell full on the hair just singed with gray, and brought into relief the massive forehead and stern blue eye. His mouth was quivering strangely and the hand that held the carriage whip seemed shaking with resolution. For the first time in my remembrance father hesitated to do what he considered his duty, and met the fearless glance of his only son with such yearning tenderness on his strong old face that I had never seen there.

"James, my son, do you remember my commands this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember the penalty of your disobedience?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take off your jacket and your vest."

Jamie obeyed, hung them on a peg and came back to his position before father with a hard, sulken expression on his face that showed a spirit to be won, never compelled by blows. Perhaps father saw this, for his hand failed to fall in punishment and his great strong arm stole around the boy's shoulders and folded him closely to father's side.

"Jamie! Jamie! my lad, why do you grieve your old father so?"

If an angel had spoken we could not have been more astounded. Father, who so seldom caressed, who was so severe, so stern—father was crying! Jamie was crushed by this sort of thing and stammered his excuses, and when he felt the tears on his upturned face his heart melted. "Oh! pa, I didn't know you could feel so bad. Don't, pa, don't!"

"Boy, did you think I loved to whip you? Don't you know every blow on your tender flesh makes a deeper, sorer mark on your father's heart? My son! my only son!"

His voice faltered and broke. I shall never forget the tenderness that thrilled every word as he talked.

"I cannot break my word, Jamie; I tell you if you disobeyed punishment must follow. Now, my boy, many a time with aching heart have I whipped

you, and it seems to have no lasting effect. I cannot whip you to-night, and I dare not break my word. Take this whip, sir!"

The boy stood as if turned to stone.

"Do you hear me, Jamie? Strike!"

White as death grew Jamie's face; his mouth twitched nervously. The whip fell to the floor, and, with a cry that came right from his heart, Jamie went down on his knees. "Oh! pa, you may kill me, but I never can strike you!"

How he begged for forgiveness, passionately pleading: "I can't, pa! anything but that!"

What promises of future obedience but father's will was iron. He would not break his word. He had said so many lashes, and they must be paid. Puzzled and stirred to the depths, what could he do?

What little white-gowned figure is it that creeps out of the shadows and throws itself at his feet, while a child's shrill voice pipes:

"Oh, pa! I have been so wicked; I coaxed Jamie, truly, truly, I did! Whip me, pa, and let Jamie go."

Now if you think this was not an act of heroism, I am sorry for you; and then, perhaps, your father was not a minister.

He lifted his forlorn little daughter from the floor, and, as no way out of the dilemma seemed to present itself, Jamie stood by in humiliation and shame, while father's hand fell in punishment on his sister. Father carried me to my room in his arms; and, when I felt his tears on my hair, now feeling that love understanding was born in my heart.

If Jamie had been writing this record of our long ago, he would have closed with the announcement that never from that day did we venture to run away with Flighty, and, as our eyes grew accustomed to see the love written in every line of father's face, we grew to watch for the smile of approval and weep over his displeasure.

MANY a small man never ceases talking about the small sacrifices he makes; but he is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

the lilacs swung their fragrant clusters against the study window, I ventured to say. Jamie, don't you almost wish when pa's back was right in front of you so, that you had just given him a couple of good cuts, he has given you so many?"

Jamie had no chance to reply, for the lilacs were held aside from the window, and father's voice called "Daughter." Trembling little wretch, I need not have feared. Father was one of those rare men who had learned to "let well enough alone," and only kissed me with unusual tenderness as he led me out to breakfast.—Detroit Post.

MAKING MACARONI.

On the midden of the floor was a large crock of a sticky material, like paste. From this the macaroni was being fashioned. The process, in use was primitive and tedious, but Scalchi has not capital and cannot buy machinery. A workman seized a handful

of the paste, on which he left visible finger marks, and commenced to beat it about with two little sticks. Then a child, apparently not more than eight or nine years old, who looked like a round ball, caught hold of a small pair of bellows and began working them for dear life. The air pumped by the bellows had passed through the stove and was hot. Next the artist began to build his stick of macaroni lengthways from the mouth of the tube, and, as the hot air touched it, it became hard enough to retain the necessary shape. The paste pipe had, of course, to be constantly molded by the hands to prevent its blowing out into all sorts of sizes and figures. The process resulted in bundles of unequal and badly-shaped macaroni tubes, such as are never seen in groceries. It was impossible to find out the exact composition of the paste, but it appears to be made of coarse flour, with a mixture of some thick meal. A pan of muddy-looking water, in which a proportion of gum arabic had been mingled, was what the man was moistened with. Scalchi was, of course, unable to explain the virtues of the different articles or describe them by name, but he danced around and grinned as if exceedingly pleased with his own ingenuity, every now and then stopping to give a playful knock with the broom-handle to his associates or break over their heads any shamefully "boiled" pipe of his national food.

In the midst of the work, while the leader of everything was putting ashes, stale potatoes and other rubbish in the stove instead of coal, there was a resounding yell and the child who manipulated the bellows tumbled head foremost into the paste. For a happy, solitary moment the boy stood perfectly, wrong side up, in the heavy mass, then he toppled over, upsetting everything on the floor. Scalchi lost his self-possession for a second, but was soon himself again. The small boy sat in the middle of the arena with eyes, mouth, ears and face plastered with dough. The thick paste traveled slowly but surely over the grimy boards. Scalchi uttered an immortal yell, waved his broomstick, righted the crock and in a minute every living thing in the room, except the reporter and the boy, was accepting the paste and tossing it into the earthen vessel. The stuff which adhered to the infant was carefully scraped off and thrown with the rest.—Philadelphia Times.

HUNGARIAN VILLAGE GOVERNMENT.

Austria has one good idea, and that is about the only one. Each village is responsible for its own inhabitants. Thus, if a native of one village goes into another and becomes a criminal, he is tried and whatever cost he may incur he is to pay to the public-in-charge to the village to which he belongs. If he becomes a pauper he is sent back to his village at its expense. The result of this system is a general attempt on the part of each village to make its people as good-as-possible in self-defense, but judging from the morals of Vienna their labors have not been attended with any great degree of success. But the system looks good, and with proper people to practice it upon would doubtless be good. An alien settling in a village is required to deposit with the village authorities about 400 florins as a sort of security for good behavior and to indemnify the village against his becoming a public charge.—Nasby.

WHAT WE MARRIED.

"I've lost four children on this road!" "You don't say so!" ejaculated the stranger. "You have had a hard time. Make the road pay for it!"

"Well, now, you bet! I got \$5,000 a head for them young ones. Yes, sir, them children stood me in \$5,000 a head."

"What are you worrying about then?" inquired the stranger, as the old man went for the window again.

"Nothing, nothing particular. You see, I've been speculating in stocks lately, and the market has gone agin me. Today my broker told me my margins had run out, and as I'm getting high home I thought my wife might be on the track somewhere, and if she was, stranger, if she was, I could make them margins good and stand to win on the whole deal."—Drake's Magazine.

WHEN a Chicago artist sold a picture to a saloon keeper for \$5,000, a friend deplored that it should go to a drinking place. The artist replied: "More art judges will see it there than would see it on the wall of an art institution."

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THE FARM.

WHILE one-half or more of the productive industry of the country is engaged in farming, it should seem that there is good reason for demanding that the elements of agricultural science should be taught in common schools, especially in rural districts.

One of the advantages of the soil and manure system of feeding is the greatly increased amount of manure that can be made on a given quantity of land. To realize this advantage to the utmost, however, the manure should be carefully saved and applied.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune feeds cotton-seed meal, corn

or those that have rotted out. The hedge fence, if taken care of, is an everlasting fence. I never knew one to die that was taken care of. I could show you hedge fences more than 100 years old, and good fences yet good enough to turn hogs or horses. I would advise every farmer that has a nicely-laying farm to plant hedge fence for road and line fences. It doesn't make any difference whether it is hard frost, or wet from the last big rain, you can trim hedge fence all the same; in fact, winter is the time to shape up hedge fence. With a good hedge fence around your farm you can rest contented till morning, without being afraid the wind will blow down the line fence and let your neighbor's stock in on your fields of grain. I admit there are other kinds of fence that can be made quicker and cheaper than hedge, but they will eventually rot out, and then to replace makes them the most costly of the two. Not so with the hedge. It starts up every spring and puts out its leaves, and appears to enjoy life with the fresh grass and growing grain. As for the hedge dying out on account of thin soil, it is out of the question when sod is put under and subsoil on top; the leaves from the hedge will keep the soil rich enough. I would rather attribute the cause of the hedge dying to the surplus of stagnant water poisoning the roots.—Iowa Homestead.

THE KITCHEN.

An excellent cement for fastening knife-handles may be made by taking a small quantity of Rath's buck-dust and about half the quantity of sand; reduce to a fine powder; fill the hole in the handle with the mixture; heat the point of the knife to be inserted hot, then put in the handle and let it remain till set.

Fence must never be used to extract anything from the ear. The best and safest plan is to inject lukewarm water, rather forcibly by means of a syringe. This will be rarely found to fail. Should the ear have become swollen, a little sweet oil must be poured in and left there till next day, when syringing may be again used.

SPANISH PUFFS.—Put into a saucepan a teacupful of water, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, half a tea-spoonful of salt and two ounces of butter; when it is boiling add sufficient flour to it to leave the sauce-pan, stir in one by one the yolks of four eggs; drop a teaspoonful at a time into boiling lard; fry them a light brown.

NEVER throw away a small piece of Hamburg or Torchon; it will not fail to be of use sometime. One way to use short bits of insertion is to set them in the shoulder seams of children's aprons or dresses, or down the back seams of sleeves to enlarge them. Pretty bits are made of pine, with a stripe of insertion through the center.

A LITTLE magnesia and water will sometimes correct the acidity of a child's stomach, and render unnecessary any stronger medicine. Powder a tea-spoonful of the magnesia, and put it in half a glass of water; it will not dissolve, of course, but will mix with the water so that an infant can swallow it. Give a teaspoonful of this three times a day until indications warrant you in discontinuing it.

A BEAUTIFUL toilet-set for the dressing-case is made by covering a large cushion with cream-colored satin around the edge of the cushion put a pleating of ribbon of the same color and a fall of lace. The lace is not to be pleated, but gathered a little. On the top of the cushion paint in water-colors two or three primroses, with leaves and stems to relieve all stiffness. The bottles that help to make up the set should be covered and decorated to match. The flowers on the bottles need not be pasties, however.

An old-fashioned "plum cake" is made of one pound each of butter, sugar and flour; ten eggs; one pound of raisins, half a pound each of currants and of sliced citron; a teaspoonful of ground cloves, one of mace, one of nutmeg, the juice and grated peel of a lemon, half of a coffee-cup of New Orleans molasses. Beat the butter until it is soft and creamy, then add the sugar. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately; stir the yolks in with the butter and sugar; stir the flour in gradually (having first mixed one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar with it). When the flour is about half-worked in, put in half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water as it is possible to use, then add the whites of the eggs, and lastly the fruit. Bake in a large tin, with a buttered paper on the sides as well as on the bottom; it will need to bake slowly for five hours. Then, do not attempt to lift from the tin until it is perfectly cold. This should be made several days before it is used.

DANGEROUS.

"You cannot carry that gun into the carriage, with you," said an express messenger to a Western-bound tourist. "You will have to let me put it into the baggage-car."

"There is not the slightest danger in the world," replied the tourist. "The gun ain't loaded."

"Great heaven!" shouted the messenger, "everybody clear out of the station-building for your lives! Here is a man with an unloaded gun in his hands!"—Check.

This French settlers in Michigan use notched sticks for keeping accounts. By making various kinds of notches on the edges of an octagonal stick a foot long, a farmer can record all his money matters for a year.

THE INSOLENCE OF OFFICE.

Experiences Encountered on a Washington Visit by a Foreign Writer.

I require that every man established in the Capitol and those other noble edifices here shall know and keep constantly in his mind that these mighty temples were not reared by politicians, that they are not paid for by the politicians, that they are not the property of the politicians. But they were built, paid for and are owned by the people of these United States. And that the humblest of them, whether coming here with the mud of an Illinois farm or the mud of Maine on his hands, whether coming here

MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature met after the election adjourned on Wednesday, the 4th inst. In the Senate, petitions were presented from the charitable institutions of Detroit, praying for the passage of a bill establishing Poor Commissions in Wayne county and making petitions for and against the following bills passed on third reading:

The Senate bill to legalize the organization of fraternal societies in Antwerp county, incorporating the village of Baine, Washtenaw county; the bill requiring the Clerk of the Superior Court to file the original documents of suits in the State of Michigan; the bill to amend the law relating to the trial of cases in the State of Michigan;

THE AVALANCHE.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,
Mich., as second-class matter.

TUESDAY, April 12, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

M. E. S. S. concert at the hall to
Monday evening.

After a two-weeks' vacation school
opened again Monday.

A full stock of furniture at Traver's
Furniture Rooms. — 12m

The new Board of Supervisors will
convene on Monday, April 23.

Ex-Sheriff London has moved into
his residence on Michigan Avenue.

Nicest thing out.

The new window-shade roller at the
P. O.

J. O. Thurston, Almont, Mich., says
Brown's Iron Bitters give satisfaction.

Thunder—lightning—rain—snow—
wind, Tuesday night and Wednesday.

Our new sheriff, John F. Hum, now
occupies his new quarters—the sher-
iff's residence.

Wall paper.

Bountiful designs, ready trimmed, at
the P. O.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Cusmer arrived in
the city Monday and are staying with
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Brink.

Mr. J. S. Harrington moved on to
his farm Monday.

A social hop was held at the hall on
Monday evening and was well attend-
ed.

We are pleased to note that Mr. M.
S. Hartwick, with the aid of a chair, is
able to move about some.

Choice Books.—
Lots of new and beautiful goods at
the P. O.

Miss Flora Newman, residing near
Pers Cheney, passed Sunday and Mon-
day with her parents in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Brown went to Ros-
common yesterday to furnish rooms
for a grand ball held last evening.

Rumor says a wrestling match is
soon to take place in this city between
L. L. Burton and Otto W. Hamilton.

Master Willie Masters having recov-
ered from the measles, Mrs. Masters
and her daughter Nora have come to
the conclusion that they will wrestle
with him for a while.

Mr. B. J. Wakeley, engineer at
Palmer's planing mill and constable-
elect, has stepped down and out, and
is, we hear, intending to "go west"
in a short time. Mr. "Mack" Taylor
takes his place in the mill.

"Sand! Sand!" cries the school-
boy. Yes, the sand has "flowed into
sight, welcome, welcome, thrice, thrice
welcome!" "Everybody dance!"

A full stock of coffins and under-
takers' goods at Traver's Furniture
Rooms. — 12m

Messrs. Fairfree & Livingston, West
Branch, Mich., say: "Brown's Iron
Bitters gives good satisfaction."

Mr. Wm. F. Brink, who has so faith-
fully and skilfully manipulated the
reins over Dr. O. Palmer's "pet rab-
bits" during the past winter, has re-
signed his position, and Mr. "Del"
Price is now chief cook and m. d.

When house-cleaning this spring
don't forget to decorate your walls
with some of those beautiful wall-pa-
pers at Dr. Traver's. 1,000 rolls—
spring styles. — 12m

Mr. Thos. Woodfield, of Frederic-
ville, passed Sunday in the city. He
retired Monday, accompanied by his
family, and will hereafter make that
village his permanent home. We are
sorry to lose "Tom," but what is
Grayling's loss will be Fredericville's
gain.

Mr. R. S. Babbitt, sen., has sold his
stock of shoemakers' findings, etc., to
Mr. McLaughlin, who will continue
the shoe-making business at Mr. B.'s
old stand. We understand it is Mr.
Babbitt's intention at trying his hand
at agricultural pursuits. Success!

Twelve dozen assorted spectacles and
eye-glasses, ranging from the cheapest
to the finest lenses, at Dr. Traver's
Drug Store. All in need should call
and be fitted by the Doctor. — 12m

Now that pleasant weather is here
it is difficult to recognize some of our
residents. The "long wool" being
clipped off the top of their cran-
iums and the flowing beard shaven from
their faces makes a vast difference in
their looks—for better or for worse we
will not venture to say.

20 pieces new styles spring carpeting
at Traver's. They are beauties. All
in need of a carpet should see them.
From 40¢ to \$1.50 per yard.

Are you in want of a first-class—one
of the very best—advertising paper
published? If so, call on C. E. Strunk
at the AVALANCHE office and subscribe
for the Michigan Farmer. \$1.65 per
year—8-page weekly.

(Communicated.)
There is no fool who is so big an old
fool as the fool that don't know enough
to mind his own business. It may
seem strange to say, but this world is
full of them.

3,000 rolls, late style, wall paper at
Dr. Traver's drug store.

Policeman Kerney, who captured
the beast (útton) at the moment of
the assassination, has received an offer
to exhibit himself at a circus, in con-
nection with wax figures of the beast
and his victim, both dead.

W. J. Smith, Esq., late of the New
York State bar, and who has recently
opened a law office in this place, has
charge of the defense for James Egan
and wife, who are under arrest on a
charge of assault with intent to kill
Joe Francis, an account of which is
given in another column.

The three "soiled doves" inmates
of the house of ill repute just north of
town, were brought before Justice Kil-
born on Saturday last, who fined them
each \$5 and costs and gave them until
Sunday morning to get outside the
country. They "skipped" on the Sat-
urday night train. It seems to be the
opinion of many that he should have
gotten them outside the county by
giving them 90 days in the h. c.

Dr. E. M. Rose, of Clyde, N. Y., will
commence soon to plat up village lots
on this place, and will give a rare
chance for men of small means to get
a home cheap. The land lays in a
beautiful shape, and will in a short
time be a portion of the best part of
the village. We extend a hearty wel-
come to all such men as Dr. Rose to
our beautiful little village.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank Ow-
ens, of Maple Forest, for the following
account of the number of feet of logs
put into the North Branch: Pack,
Woods & Co., 17,000,000; J. E. Potts,
17,000,000; Gratwick, Smith & Co.,
25,000,000; Charlton & Cheshire, 7,
250,000; S. O. Fisher, 8,000,000; Ste-
phen & Moore, 3,000,000; Penoyer
Brox, 1,500,000; Platt & Melton, 3,
000,000. Total, \$1,750,000.

The Twentieth Annual Gift of Pri-
marius to the subscribers of the De-
troit Commercial Advertiser will take
place April 23rd, 1883. Thirty thou-
sand dollars in cash will be distributed
among 60,000 subscribers. If you are
not a subscriber, call on C. E. Strunk
at the AVALANCHE office and give him
\$2, which will insure you the paper for
one year and a ticket for a chance at
one of the many prizes. The prizes
range from \$5 up to \$2,000. Subscribe
at once; the paper alone is worth the
fee.

Francis was taken Tuesday night to
the hospital at Bay City, but will be
watched and soars able brought back
when the examination will occur.

Francis is said to belong to Belleville,
Ont., that he is known by the cognom-
en of "Belleville," and that he is a
tough character.

Let the true facts in the case be as
they may, it is the prevailing opinion
of all our law-loving and law-abiding
citizens that all participants in the dis-
graceful affair should receive the full
extremes of the law, to the end that there
may be no more like scenes in this peaceful locality. Give this class
of people to understand that they will
not be tolerated and Grayling will be
forever free from their obnoxious presence.

LETTER HEADS,

NOTE HEADS,

BILL HEADS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

CALLING CARDS,

POSTERS,

ENVELOPES,

INVITATIONS, ETC.,

PRINTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

PRICES REASONABLE.

GIVE US A CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at East Saginaw.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named
settler has filed notice of his intention to make
final proof in support of his claim, and that said
proof will be made before the Commissioner of
Crawford County, Michigan, at Grayling, on the 4th
of April, 1883, viz.: Charles H. Fish, of Pere
Chene, Mich., for the sum of \$25. In
trustee.

He names the following witness to prove his
continuous residence upon, and cultivation of,
G. F. Davis, George O'Reilly, S. West,
Levi Van Buren, all of Grayling, Mich.

CHARLES J. GUTHRIE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Reed City, Mich.

February 14th, 1883.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named
settler has filed notice of his intention to make
final proof in support of his claim, and that said
proof will be made before the Commissioner of
Crawford County, Michigan, at Grayling, on the 4th
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CHARLES J. GUTHRIE, Register.

NOTICE TO RETURN AND TO MARKET.

United States Land Office,
Reed City, Mich., March 16, 1883.

Pursuant to instructions of the General Land Office, dated March 9th,

1883, notice is hereby given that we shall offer at
public sale, to the highest bidder at this office,
on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1883, at 1 o'clock p.m.,
the 100 acres of land in section 20, town 20, range 4, W.
20, of the 1st district, Reed City, Mich.

W. H. MITCHELL, Register.

BIRTHS.

On Sunday, April 8th, 1883, to Mr.
and Mrs. Main J. Connine, a son.

W. J. SMITH,

Attorney and Counselor

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

GRAYLING, MICH.

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